

way, it was he who encountered Secretary Morton a few days after the present administration came in, and gave that most dignified and punctilious man in Washington a regular old-fashioned Southern "cussin" for alleged unkindness in dismissing an employee.

Representative Barrett, of Massachusetts, has succeeded already in getting himself enrolled high among the "trunk legislators" by his recent bill providing that members of the Cabinet be taken from the Senate and House of Representatives and that while serving in the Cabinet they shall hold their seats in Congress, and in order that these double-barreled "trunk" bills, so to say, do not get rich too fast, the bill also provides that they shall receive only the salaries of Cabinet officials and render congressional service gratis. Nobody, probably not even Mr. Barrett himself, imagines for a moment that it will become a law.

Mr. George W. Ray, of New York, is proprietor of the latest idea to prevent suicides. His bill, which has been introduced in the House and referred to the committee on judiciary, forbids the circulation through the mails of any newspaper which contains any picture of a suicide or any details relating thereto beyond the simplest statement of death by suicide, giving name, date and place. The bill allows medical journals to publish "further particulars in the interest of science," but everybody else must keep mum, so far as print is concerned, under penalty of a fine not less than \$25 or imprisonment for not more than ninety days.

RUDELY REBUKED.
A delegate from the Indian Territory tried to break into the House the other day, but was rebuffed by the doorkeepers, who could not see that he was even entitled to admission to the floor as a contestant. The would-be delegate, Mr. George E. Nelson, bears a certificate of election from the Indian Territory, signed by an Indian agent in that territory. According to Mr. Nelson, an election was held in Indian Territory Nov. 2, at the postoffice in several villages, in which he secured two hundred votes, a clear plurality of one hundred over his opponent, who was a free-silver Democrat, Mr. Nelson being a gold Democrat. His claim is based upon the broad ground that each territory is entitled under the Constitution to be represented in Congress by a delegate. The committee on Indian affairs promptly sat down upon it, by declining to ask the House to consider Mr. Nelson's claim; and when he would have member imported Rowland Reed and exhibited his certificate of election from the highest Federal officer among the five civilized tribes, the good man from Maine told him kindly that it was of no more account than a certificate of character from his grocer.

So far the most exciting bit of legislation has been the passage of the House bill to banish intoxicants from the Capitol. The same, or something akin, has popped up many times before, and, like Banquo's ghost, refused to be permanently "laid." Of course, the bill was passed. No member dared oppose it, with the eagle eyes and ready pens of the W. C. T. U. fraternity upon them. It was looked upon as something of a joke when the solid South stood up as one man to be counted on the side of prohibition, and the only objections came from men who are known to be total abstainers. Mr. Rowland Blennerhassett Mahany, of Buffalo, who never indulges in as much as a Christmas "noon," was one of the solitary seven who urged objections to the bill on the ground of personal liberty in the great and glorious Republic and every man's inalienable right to the "pursuit of happiness" as guaranteed by the Constitution. Representative Foot, whose strong triple is a glass of beer at a hot summer's day, explained that he opposed the bill not for his own convenience, but because he knew there were many men in Congress who were accustomed to taking something with their meals, who took at least one meal a day in the Capitol restaurant, and who ought not to be restricted to tea or less water if wine agreed with them better.

PRESSURE FOR OFFICE.
A senator from a far Western State said to-day that he had been in Washington just two weeks and had sent at that time dictating replies to letters from office seekers. Hundreds of letters pouring in upon him by every mail are from men who want places under the next administration. Says he: "Almost every letter begins with 'Thank God, the country is saved,' and then the writer gets down to business. I have already had fifty-seven applications for district attorney, and the first one that came was from a man who, when I was running for the Senate, wrote me that he guessed I was honest, but he couldn't conscientiously support me."

A New England senator, whose applications are so numerous that he has to record them in a ponderous ledger, says his correspondents invariably begin with, "I was from a man who, when I was running for the Senate, wrote me that he guessed I was honest, but he couldn't conscientiously support me."

Under the Mistletoe.
It was Christmas day
In a land away
In an old burial hall;
And red wine flowed,
While bright and merry
(And the mistletoe on the wall)
A maiden fair
With pensive air
Strayed under the mistletoe;
A knight sprang up
From half-drawn curtain
And-but I'm sure the rest you know.
—Belle Bremer.

The Scotch Sabbath.
A wonderful thing has happened at Inverness, of all places in the world. It has actually been suggested that the public library should be opened on Sunday, ostensibly for the reading of devotional books only. One speaker suggested, however, that the newspapers should be allowed to lie about, in order that the young men, by not reading them, might not be tempted to temptation. In the end the proposed innovation was defeated, though only by three votes. It was at Inverness that, according to the story, a genial Saxon, on meeting a native in high street one Sunday morning, and observing, "It is a fine day, my friend, met with the chilly rejoinder, 'Is this a day to be taken about days?'"

An Ancient City.
Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.
"Mother," said a thoughtful Boston child to his maternal relative.
"What is it, Walter?"
"Is Philadelphia older than Boston, mother?"

"Of course not, my son. The first settlement was made by the Indians in 1622, while William Penn did not arrive on the site of Philadelphia until fifty-two years later."

"That was always my impression, mother, but how is it that the Bible, which is not mentioned in the Bible, while Boston is not?"

DAY WITH UNCLE REMUS

A VISIT TO JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS IN HIS GEORGIA HOME.

How "Uncle Remus" Originated and Why He Will Tell No More Stories—Mr. Harris's Present Work.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—"Uncle Remus" is one of the saints of "The Holiday Season." He is almost as much a part of our children's lives as Santa Claus, and I cannot give a better Christmas letter than the story of my visit to him at his home in Atlanta, Ga., a few days ago.

Joel Chandler Harris, for that you know is the real name of the writer of the "Uncle Remus" stories, is even more delightful than his books. He is not a handsome man, but his manners are so gentle and his talk so simple and wholesome, that you fall in love with him at once. His hair is of a fiery red. After you know him it seems to turn to gold. His homely features, which I venture would stop the traditional clock, become transfigured by his healthy, happy soul shining out through them when he talks, and makes him almost beautiful. I wish you could hear "Uncle Remus" laugh. He is, you know, short and rather fat, and when anything amuses him his round form shakes like a bowl of jelly, and his "Ha! Ha! Ha!" rings forth in as clear a tone as the voice of the boy whom the "Brer Rabbit" and "Tar Baby" story were told for the first time. He is, however, painfully modest. He is always depreciating himself, and during my chat he told me he could not realize why people thought so much of his stories. He is especially modest in the presence of women. He is more bashful now than he was when he was a boy, and I doubt whether he knows any woman very intimately except his wife. He is, you know, a newspaper man as well as an author. He is connected with the Atlanta Constitution, and for years he did his editorial work at the office of the paper. Now he does it all at home. Since he became famous the female curiosity seekers from the North, in passing through Atlanta, have attempted to call and visit him. When they entered his room his tongue seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth and at last, to get rid of them, he transferred his work to his home. He never goes into society; seldom attends the theater, and his delight is in his work and in his home.

WHERE "UNCLE REMUS" LIVES.
The house of "Uncle Remus" is an ideal one. It is a rambling Queen Anne cottage, containing about nine rooms, all of which are on one floor. Below this there is a basement and above it an attic, and about it runs a vine-covered porch big enough to hold "Brer Rabbit" and all his friends, should they happen to call. It is in one of the prettiest suburbs of Atlanta, and still it has a big enough yard to make it a sort of a country place as well as a city home. It contains more than five acres of land, and its surroundings are those of a farm. We walked back through the fields before we entered the house to look at the donkeys which the young Harris children ride, and to pat the two beautiful yellow Jersey cows, which are among Mrs. Harris's pets. There is a big chicken yard just back of the house, and a lot of brother and sister chickens were running to and fro as we looked through the netting. "Uncle Remus" took an almost childish delight in showing me his possessions. He pointed out his big strawberry bed, where he raises the most luscious fruit, and told me how the first of the season. We walked among his flowers and spent some time in admiring his roses, which, though it is now almost winter, are still blooming. He has, I venture, more than one hundred rose bushes, and he told me that he had in his garden sixty-seven different varieties. He said he would give a thousand if he were rich enough, and as I saw him handle the flowers I could see that he loved them.

We sat a moment on the porch and then entered the wide hall, which runs through the house, and into which the living rooms open. At the back is the parlor and at the left the sitting room and workshop. There is nothing of the machinery of a newspaper editor or literary man to be seen. "Uncle Remus" uses but few books in his work. A pencil and a few strips of blank printing paper are all that are needed to make the "Uncle Remus" stories.

Mr. Harris handles these, and with his short stub pencil touches the heads and tickles the sides of millions. He does his writing with his family about him, and his best stories have been written with a baby at his elbow.

Mr. Harris is fond of children. He has been told thousands of times how fond the children are of him, but when I told him that my boy Jack knew his "Uncle Remus" stories by heart, and that my little girl was in love with "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer Fox" he seemed pleased, and I said: "It must be a great pleasure to write for children."

"Indeed, it is," replied Mr. Harris. "I enjoyed the writing of the 'Uncle Remus' stories. It was not hard work, and I believe I got as much fun out of their conversation as the children seemed to get from hearing them read. I could see how the children liked them, but it has always been a wonder to me that grown-up people read them with interest. In fact, to-day I rather question the veracity of the sanity of the man who tells me he is fond of 'Uncle Remus.'"

"BRER RABBIT."
"When did you tell your first 'Uncle Remus' story, Mr. Harris?" I asked.
"It was in 1878," was the reply; "just about the first of our authors who used it largely. Burns wrote many of his poems in dialect, and Tennyson, you know, wrote much dialect verse. Chaucer was written in the language of his time, and it is curious that in some respects the dialect used then was somewhat the same as that of the plantations in the South."

"I was in 1878," the Appletons then published the book entitled "Uncle Remus; His Songs and His Sayings." The book was well reviewed by the press, and the Saturday Review of London gave it a page. This started it well in America. The Boston papers published it with great news, and I was surprised to see that it was everywhere fairly well spoken of."

more along the same lines, and they all have a steady sale, both in England and the United States."

"Where did 'Uncle Remus' come from, Mr. Harris?" said I.
"He was born, I think, at my home in Putnam county, Georgia," was the reply.
"But, Mr. Harris, tell me, did he ever really exist in the flesh, or is he simply the creation of your fancy?"

"Both," replied Mr. Harris. "The 'Uncle Remus' of my stories is a composite of three or four old negroes, whom I knew as a boy. I have combined them and perhaps have added something to them. But the 'Uncle Remus' of fiction is chiefly made up from them."

"I suppose he really exists as an individuality in your mind," said I.
"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Harris. "I can see him before my eyes as plainly as I see you. I know him. I can hear him talk, and his voice rings in my ears as I write."

"But, Mr. Harris, are the stories those which are really told on the plantations by the darkies, or are they made up of whole cloth?"

"They are in most cases the stories of plantations," replied Mr. Harris. "They are the folk-lore of the negro. I suppose many of them have come down through the ages from Africa. I am told that some of them are almost the same as the stories of the folk-lore of India."

"Why is it, Mr. Harris, that 'Brer Rabbit' is generally the hero of these tales? Why do the negroes pick him out as the most intelligent and cunning of the animals?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "The fact is, the rabbit has a low, rather than a high, degree of animal intelligence. The hero of many of the folk-lore stories of the Orientals is the hyena, which, you know, is the meanest of beasts."

"UNCLE REMUS" DEAD.
"But you have not written any 'Uncle Remus' stories for some years, Mr. Harris?"

"No, I am done writing them. 'Uncle Remus' has finished his story telling. He has posed before the public for more than fifteen years, and it is time now that he stepped down from the stage. I am, in short, that 'Uncle Remus' is dead."

"But you do not intend to stop writing, Mr. Harris?"

"No, indeed," was the reply. "I shall write, I suppose, as long as I live. I have a book which is of somewhat the same character as the 'Uncle Remus' stories, entitled 'Aaron's Wanderings in the Wild Woods.' This is a story for boys. It relates to an old run-away negro, who gets lost in the woods, and who has many adventures with the animals, which talk somewhat as they do in the 'Uncle Remus' stories. There is a little boy in it. The work of writing it is interesting, and I hope that the children will like it. It is not widely exciting. You know you cannot have very exciting adventures in Georgia. Then I have in press a book of stories, which will be out this next December. This is entitled 'Silent June,' and it is a collection of short stories. I suppose it will be ready for the Christmas trade. I am also writing a book entitled 'Stories of Georgia History,' which will, I suppose, be to some extent a school book, as it is for the American Book Company. So you see that I have plenty to do, in addition to my editorial work on the Atlanta Constitution."

Here I asked "Uncle Remus" to write me a little story for the child readers of my newspaper. He thought for a moment, and then taking his pencil he rapidly wrote the following, which I give you verbatim as he penned it.

"Mr. Carpenter has asked me to write some sort of a sentiment—a piece of my mind—for children."

"Well, I remember the story where Brer Tarrypin wanted to learn to fly. He had seen Brer Buzzard sailing in the air and he thought he could sail, so he persuaded Brer Buzzard to take him on his back and give him a start. This was done. Brer Buzzard carried Brer Tarrypin in the air and dropped him. He fell, of course, and nearly killed himself. He was very angry with Brer Buzzard, not because he failed to fly, but because Brer Buzzard failed to show him how to light. Says he: 'Flyin' is easy as fallin', but I don't 'spect I kin learn how to light.'"

"If you don't know what this means ask some grown-up person. Before you begin to fly, be sure and learn how to light."

HOW "UNCLE REMUS" WRITES.
As I looked over the story of Brer Tarrypin and Brer Buzzard I asked Mr. Harris if he found writing very hard work.

"No," replied "Uncle Remus." "I write, you see, about two thousand words of editorial every day. This I have been doing so long that it goes very easily. You take a good subject, put your pen on the paper and the editorial writes itself. This is my work in the day time. My story writing is done at night. I usually begin it after tea when the children have gone to bed. I then pick up the story where I have left off and write away until bed time."

"How much of this do you consider a good evening's work?"

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Justice after as before—
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Covers him victor gloried.
Victor over death and pain,
Evermore.
—Emerson.

There is no calm like that when storm is done,
My heart is glad to leave it so;
And blow it out or low it weeps,
The wind that blows, this wind is best.
Now there can victor gloried.
—Caroline A. Mason.

Have hope: though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn;
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.
—Schiller.

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If I be faint, a cooling cup;
Naught, if I be weary, save a bed;
If halt, a staff to hold me up;
If needy, fields to till;
Yet Lord, I wait Thy will.
—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Chess, the Oldest of Games.
Chess players with a turn for the history of their strategic amusement will be interested to learn that all the hypotheses as to the origin of the game have suddenly been "mated" by a recent extraordinary discovery in Egypt. It was generally assumed until now that the ancient Indians had invented chess; that it was introduced from India to Persia in the sixth century, and that by the Arabs; and in consequence of the Crusades it spread from East to West. It is true the Chinese who invented many things in times long gone by, which had to be reinvented in Europe—assert that they can trace chess in their own country to about two hundred years before our era. Now there can certainly be no doubt in the character of the figures at present used in some of the words connected with the game—such as "schach" (shah), "matt" or "mate"—an Indian, Persian and Arabic word, meaning "to kill" or "to conquer." Because others have failed to see reason for not receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Postpaid address.

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The wind that blows, this wind is best.
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